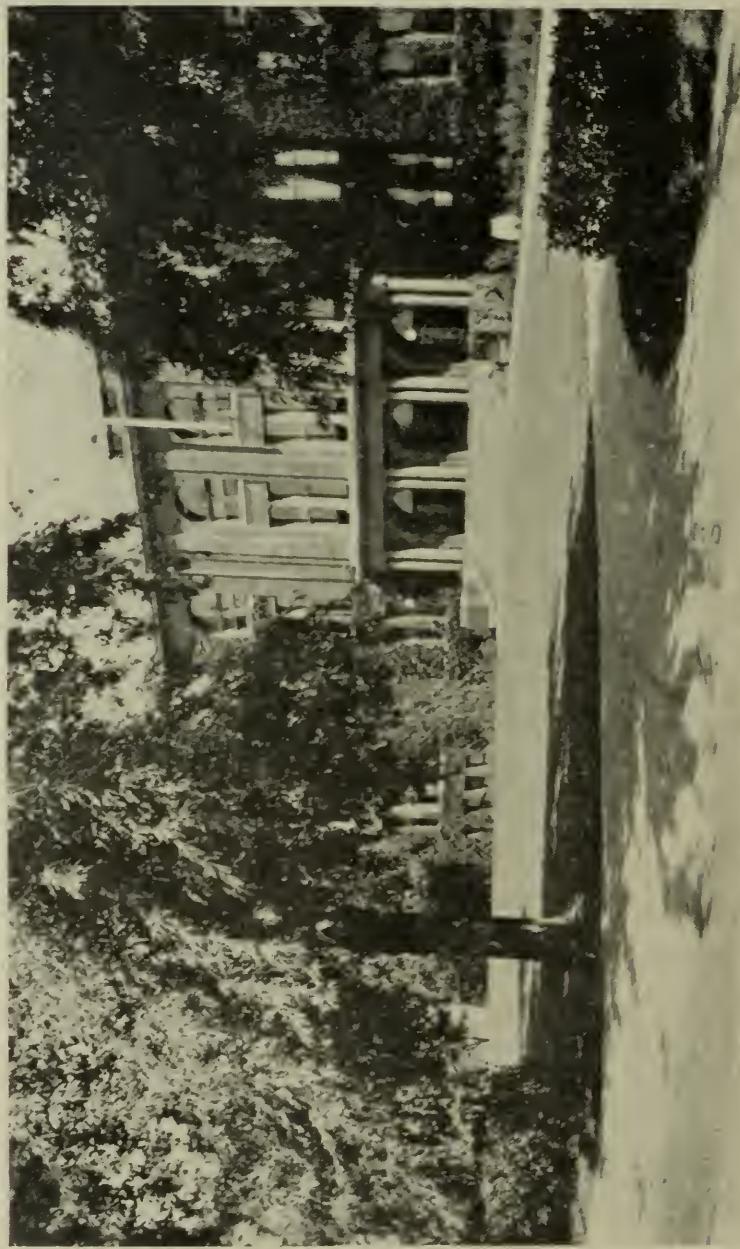


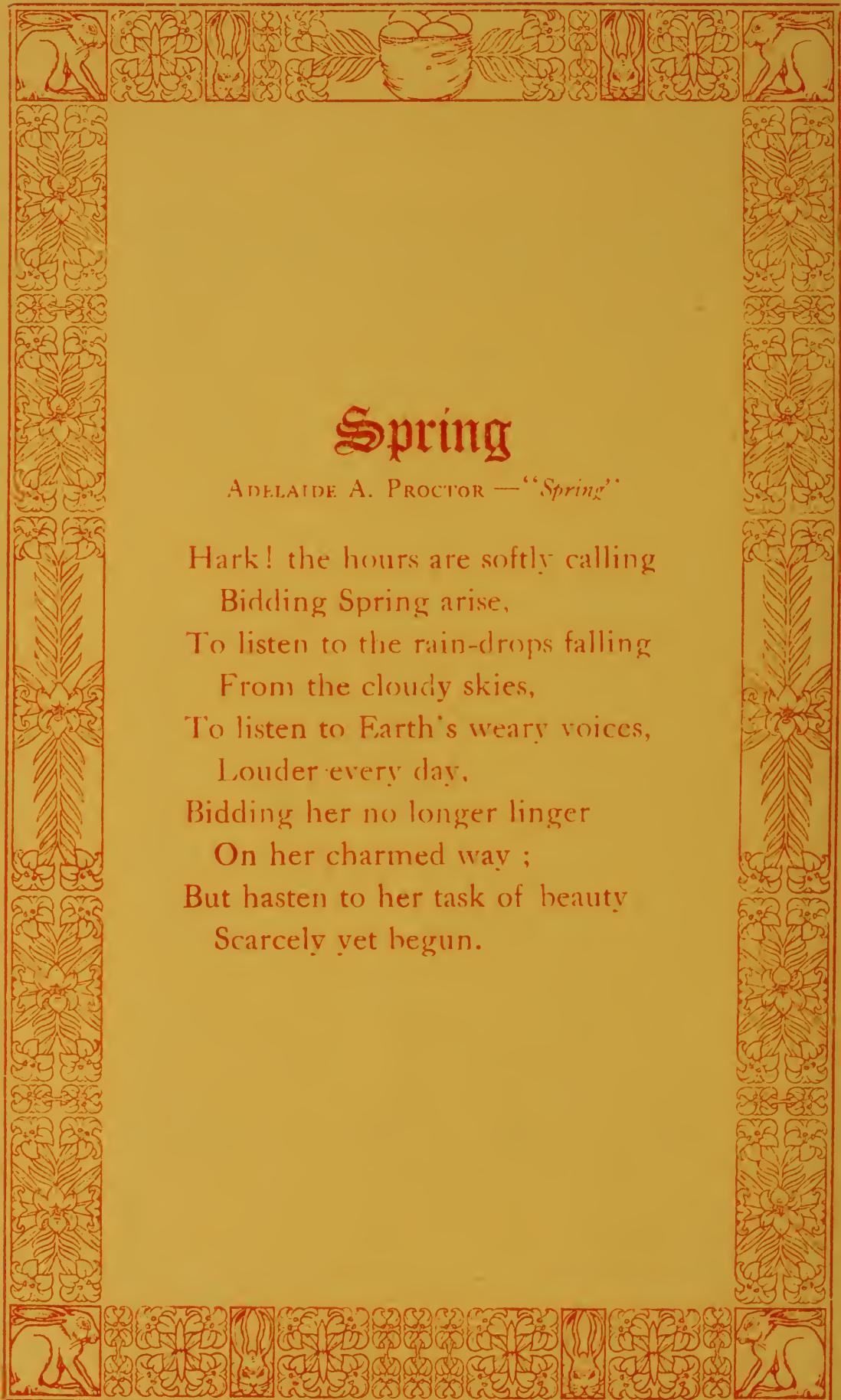


1924

SPRING EDITION



NORMAL BUILDING
State Normal School, Fitchburg, Massachusetts



Spring

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — “*Spring*”

Hark! the hours are softly calling
Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth’s weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charmed way ;
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.



STATE NORMA-LITE

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NO. 3

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THE NORMA-LITE

A school paper's a great invention;
The staff gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money
And the editor gets the blame.

WHAT WILL YOU WRITE

By WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

When you are asked to write something for a paper, and you begin to think what to write, you are led to ask yourself what the paper is for anyway, what kind of matter is printed, or ought to be printed in it, and who is likely to read it? A school paper is read mainly by students and instructors, somewhat by alumni, a little by friends, scarcely by strangers, but sometimes by the editors of other school papers.

The Norma-Lite is not quite like a newspaper, but it will doubtless welcome news about any student or instructor or any former student who is known to the body of readers. Any information one happens to have about other schools or other cities, countries, or peoples, or any scientific or curious facts, even if they are as familiar to others as to oneself, if one can interpret them in a new light, perhaps a whimsical light, or give them a new application, may interest readers, and to reach readers is one of the main purposes of the paper. An incident or a per-

sonality that has interested you may make a good story if you can set it out in a fashion to convey your interest to others. It may be a droll incident or a dramatic incident, an odd personality or an admirable one, and if you haven't one that actually happened or existed but can imagine one that might have been, that will do as well as a real one if only you can make it seem real.

If you have a knack at rhyme and rhythm (and you may have it without knowing it) either to set out some incident or person in a ludicrous light or to express some sentiment or fancy in a way to impress others with its beauty or to awaken their aspiration, do not miss any opportunity to exercise that knack. Anything that states or answers questions which are known to prevail in the minds of readers, or which outlines plans for improvement of conditions, proposes new contrivances for convenience, or new enterprises for amusement, is a contribution to the success of the Norma-Lite.

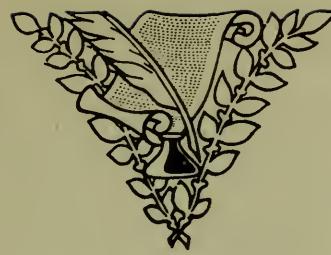
If every student will cast over in his own mind which of these things he will undertake to do, and will set about the undertaking with a will, the result will be a paper that will do credit to the school. Better still, it will result in the discovery of new talent for the service of the school, and will bring to the individual students a realization of capacities hitherto unsuspected, capacities that may in future contribute to success and enjoyment in life and enlarge their service to their fellows.

The purpose of a school paper is all of these things. It is something like a megaphone that one may use to magnify his own voice and extend his influence. It affords practice for the printer and for the writer. It affords opportunity for the student body to express itself, to set forth its wishes and its ideals. It is a vehicle for information or question, for suggestion or protest, for hobby or humor. It may serve in a measure as a permanent record of the school, indicating its progress from year to year, and indicating, too, its individual characteristics, for it must have a certain individuality of its own which will be taken by outsiders to reflect the character and individuality of the school itself. And because it represents the school in quarters where no student or instructor ever has a chance to represent it, because, once printed, nothing in it can be erased, its editors will be vigilant to see that whatever goes into it accords with the standards of thought and taste and propriety that the student body desires to stand for in the presence of student bodies elsewhere and of future student bodies here.

DORMITORIES IN WINTER

Night-time throws her blue-black shawl.
Star-sprinkled, about you, and over all
The gold-white light of the winter moon
Makes daylight of night, and soon
The golden lights from your windows
cease,
And night-time finds you —
Wrapt in peace.

— Mae Marsh



Editorials

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest

—Franklin

DEBATING

By BETTY SALTZMAN

A great deal of interest in debating has been shown this year at Fitchburg Normal. Debates have been held every Thursday during the lecture periods. From these inter-class debates, two teams were chosen. The first team was to represent the school in the event of a single debate; in the case of a dual debate, the two teams were to be made of equal rank in representing the school.

On February the first, Fitchburg met Keene Normal in a double debate on the subject: Resolved — "That the principle of the closed shop should be adopted in American industry." The affirmative team debated in Fitchburg, while the negative team debated at Keene. The affirmative team was made up of Paul Cocoran, Betty Saltzman, Carroll Davenport, and Charles Crowley. The negative team comprised Bruce McLean, Katherine Roche, Edwin Nelson, and Margaret Lucey.

Both Keene teams were victorious,

winning unanimously in Fitchburg, and with a two to one decision in Keene.

This is the first inter-scholastic debate that Fitchburg Normal has had in many years. Therefore, it really is something new in the line of school activities and for this reason should be encouraged. Just as basketball has its place in school activities, so should debating be given its rightful place. Show your interest in this new school activity by supporting and encouraging it!

THE YEAR BOOK

By PAUL J. CORCORAN

One school year closely follows the path of the preceding, and the settings and scenes remain the same except for changes in the names and faces. So a school annual, endeavoring to portray the life of the year that is past, must follow carefully the volumes that have gone before, and seek only to add another chapter to the history of the school.

It is with this in mind that the

Saxifrage Board is working devotedly and conscientiously in an attempt to portray the school life of the class of '24. While no categorical statement can be made with reference to the content of the book, it is safe to predict that some technical changes will be made, which we hope will add to the attractiveness of the volume. Then too, a section is to be allotted to a class prophecy, an undertaking not trivial in itself, to depict what the prosperity of the class will be some thirty or forty years from now. Oratory has held a prominent place in school activities during the past year, and the book would not be complete without commemorating these forensic efforts; therefore, a section is to be given to debates.

As the Norma-Lite goes to press, the Staff will have made considerable progress in its editorial work, realizing that "in union there is strength, in cooperation there is success" and hoping faithfully to perform, in a praiseworthy manner, the duties incumbent upon us.

OUR RAGTIME AGE

By PHILIP CASHMAN

When I was several years younger, or to be more exact, when I was in the grammar school, I heard this remark, "History repeats itself."

I pondered over this expression of wisdom, time and time again, but its real significance did not appear to me until recently. And as the light of understanding radiated my coun-

tenance, I determined at least, to attempt to find one specific instance of history repeating itself.

For some time I was at a loss to know just where to begin my apparently difficult undertaking, but after some thought and consideration, I chose the logical way and turned back to the dark ages of barbarism, the days of the rise and fall of empires and emperors, the day of so-called sin and iniquity.

It is true that empires rose rapidly and descended into oblivion still more rapidly. It is also true that emperors rose to an elevation of distinction almost beyond imagination, only to fall into the mire of failure and degradation for reasons unknown to themselves.

I struggled with histories written by men whose success in this great field of culture is beyond question, and have come to the conclusion that it was not altogether the fault of the rulers, but more the fault of the people. Is it not true that the powers and strength of a nation are merely the reflection of the power and strength of the individual?

History tells us that time and time again, countries feeling they were secure from attacks from foreign enemies forgot their domestic duties, and slid slowly but surely back to barbarism and eventually came to ruin.

In practically every instance, the destruction of a nation was ushered in by a period characterized by pleasure crazed, indifferent people,

people who would not and could not accept the duties and responsibilities of model citizens.

Citizens of America! Fate is pointing a menacing finger at the American Republic, whose people have laid aside the garb of honest, responsible and conscientious citizens, and adorn themselves with the costumes of fools—fools, whose primary object in life is to slide by to the syncopated tunes of the so-called modern jazz music, which is slowly but surely bringing them to utter destruction and extinction.

I repeat, just as slowly but as surely as the small rivulet wears away and tears asunder the mighty mountains of granite and stone, so is this, our "Age of Ragtime" undermining our future welfare and the welfare of our posterity.

And what is meant by our "Age of Ragtime"? Merely the age of forgetfulness of duty and civic and personal pride.

Watch the young man and woman as they enter a modern dance hall. It seems that when they go to the check room, they not only check their wearing apparel, but also their code of decency and self respect, and enter into an ampitheatre of the ancient days of barbarism, where prizes are granted to those making themselves most conspicuous.

Does Fate realize, as she casts an ominous glance at the people of America, that this "Age of Ragtime" is merely the forerunner of our destruction? This is the age when

mothers sing their babies to sleep with the tender, crooning lullabies of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and others equally as jazzy.

Where is the father that the child of yesterday could turn to and honestly say,

"Daddy, dear old daddy,
You've been more than a daddy to me.
You could have gone with the boys
every night,
But you stayed at home just to
bring me up right"?

I've been looking for one for some time, but I have been unsuccessful in my attempt to locate him. One old man, an exponent of the "old school", said that this kind of man went out when prohibition appeared. But when we stop to consider this matter, perhaps the man isn't to blame. He has a great many business meetings to attend when his daily work is finished, meetings of such clubs as "The Better Citizens Club", or some club affiliated with his church. Sad to say, no! Because he is a pillar in those clubs whose practices are in direct conflict with the constitution, the Volstead act and our future prosperity itself.

Citizens of America! Awake to the state of affairs that now exist. Do not allow history to repeat itself in destruction and ruin in America as in ancient countries, but try as our fathers and mothers did, to make this the grandest, greatest, and most beautiful country in the world today, even greater, grander and more beautiful than it was when transmitted to us.

WHICH

By IMA GRAMMARMASTER
(Alias, J. A. Smith)

In these days of social progress when the welfare of the individual is of universal interest, one may hear, while passing the Fitchburg Normal School Campus, this touching and pathetic ballad, entitled "Yes, We Have No Club Rooms!" From every corner of the campus comes this mournful dirge, rising as it does from the hearts (and throats likewise) of some fourscore and ten individuals who are hopelessly submerged in their struggles for an education. Even the would-be "Romeos" who nightly chant their serenades on Normal Hall steps, loudly raise their falsetto voices in the hope that some kind benefactor will endow them with a suitable place in which to practice their love lyrics, so that they may not disturb the "study hour" in the dormitories.

Such a dire situation gives rise to the question, "Why hasn't our Normal School an appropriate meeting place for its men, who, although they are in the minority, yet comprise one of the strongest bulwarks of our beloved institution"?

It is a lamentable and deplorable sight to see an aggregation of intelligent students assembled either on the steps of Normal Hall or on the sidewalk in front of the school, lighting up the inevitable "coffin-nail." Yet it is a fact.

A stranger, perchance a superintendent, seeing this assemblage of

men, would be very unfavorably impressed, and like the famed Arab, would silently fold his opinions and steal away. He would carry away with him the conviction that everything was not normal at the Normal School in Fitchburg. Not only would this select group of men be disgraced, but the entire student body as well.

Can such a deplorable condition exist without such a result inevitably following? It can not. Then it is for us who are striving to become teachers, either to abolish smoking or to give those who must smoke a club room. Which shall it be?

BALLAD OF A P. A. MAN

Would I were a grammar master,
With a countenance of sweet repose,
Instead of pounding metal
And wearing out my clothes.
My muscles are tired and aching,
My head spins like a top,
But its "D" for me and my buddies,
If we should happen to stop.

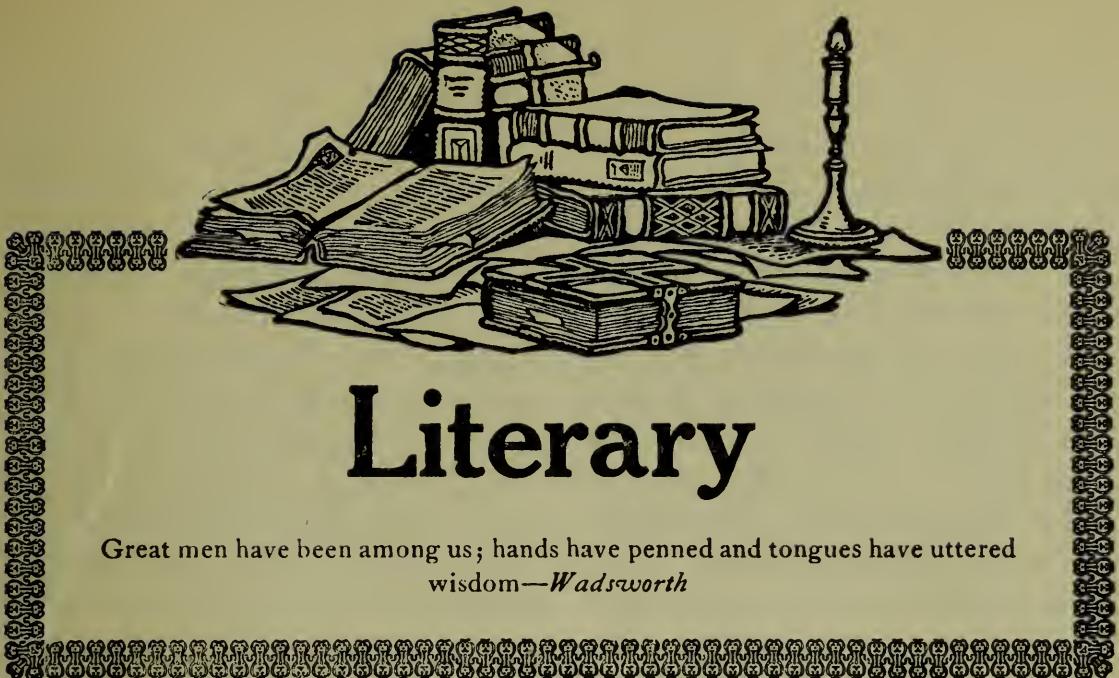
"Say, look out for that paint brush!"

"Have you seen my putty knife?"
"This is the sixth time I've spoiled it,
Oh, what a terrible life!"
That is the chant of the paint shop,
From voices, morbid and blue,
To hear them, you'd think they were
Or the last of a pirate crew. [miners,

Oh, I'm tired of boards and bucksaws,
Of tee-squares, hammers, and paint,
The P. A. life looks simple,

But it looks like what it "aint".
Would I were a grammar master,
He never seems to rush,
Here comes the old boy himself,
So back to my paint and my brush!

— Austin J. O'Toole



Literary

Great men have been among us; hands have penned and tongues have uttered
wisdom—*Wadsworth*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NEWSPAPER

By CHARLES CROWLEY

In the United States, where approximately thirty thousand newspapers are perused daily by millions of people, where news gathering has been developed into a great industry in the comparatively brief space of two centuries, the newspaper has become a tremendous influence in the life of the nation.

Although we think of the modern daily as a distinctive feature of our civilization, yet the newspaper is a new institution only in form and in the variety of its functions. History tells us that China was acquainted with newspapers before the time of Christ. In fact, one of China's dailies, "The Pekin Gazette", which is still in existence, was first published about 1340 A.D.

The newspaper of the western world was born in ancient Rome, where in the *Acta Diurna*, we have a remote ancestor of our twentieth

century daily. This paper was posted in a public square where the people might examine its contents, which were materially the same as those of the modern paper, in that they consisted of accounts of wars, deaths, births, governmental actions and the doings of the elect. At the present time Chinese papers are posted in this same ancient manner.

In the modern Europe the first newspapers appeared in Italy and Germany. The first Italian newspaper, the "Notizie Scritte" was published at Venice in 1566. A number of irregular publications made their appearance in Germany a little later, but the first regular German weekly was not published until 1615. This sheet, "Das Frankfurter Journal", is still in existence and is considered the oldest European weekly. The first newspaper of France was the "French Gazette" published in 1631. This paper was used to further the political purposes of the great Cardinal Richelieu by

influencing public opinion. It is through following out this same practice that the newspapers of modern times have attained the powerful position which they hold. In England the first newspaper was the "Weekly News", published in London in 1622. Scotland and Ireland published their first papers in 1660 and 1685 respectively. The modern world was given its first daily newspaper by England when the "Courant" was published in 1709. This paper consisted of one page of two columns, five paragraphs of which were translated from foreign journals and contained, for the most part, descriptions of foreign life and travel. England also furnished the first penny newspaper, "The Orange Post", in 1730.

Up to this time such newspapers as were in existence had confined themselves simply to giving news to the public. A new function was now added — that of criticizing men and affairs. At this time, 1762, "The Morning Chronicle" and "The Morning Post" appeared. Both of these London dailies were possessed of great literary merit as well as political influence. Such men of letters as Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth, Fox and Sheridan wrote for these papers.

The greatest strides in the development of newspapers were taken during the nineteenth century when freedom of the press was obtained almost completely in England and absolutely in the United States.

Our first newspaper was published in 1690, but the oldest American paper in existence today is "The New Hampshire Gazette", founded 1756. With the establishment of the United States as a nation, newspapers were published in all of the thirteen states. Following European precedence these papers were made up of one or two pages dealing chiefly with political and patriotic subjects. There were few editorials, but articles were usually written by men of marked ability such as Madison, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Washington, and topics of the day were warmly debated over signed names.

The succeeding years are those of the beginnings of business enterprise applied to the newspaper. All possible expedients were used for collecting news and doing it quickly in the interests of commercial success.

It remained for modern invention to give to the newspapers the impetus which has made them what they are today. Today newspapers are printed, cut, pasted, folded, counted, and made ready for delivery by one machine. The typewriter, telephone, wireless, electrical appliances, automobiles, and railroads all have helped to cheapen the production of the newspaper, to reduce its cost to the public and to increase its circulation. The spread of education in this country has also increased the number and circulation of its news sheets by making practically every person a regular news

reader. In the year 1850 a newspaper with 50,000 subscribers was considered a large journal. Today any one of the New York great dailies can boast of a circulation of over one million. Newspapers were distributed to points within a radius of thirty miles in 1851, but today distribution to all parts of the country is possible.

It is estimated that the influence of newspapers is greater in the United States than in any other country. The functions of a modern paper are to give the news, to express public opinion and to create public opinion, and in the exercise of the last mentioned function, we find at once one of the greatest benefits and one of the greatest evils of the American press.

THE MONOTONY OF BEING GOOD

By EDLA LEVALLEY

"But, dear, Mary Ellen Smith would'nt do that. Why can't you be good? She is."

How often have I heard that in my youth and how often have I wished with my whole soul and body to divert Mary Ellen from her straight and struggling path to Paradise. But Mary Ellen could not be diverted, for Mary Ellen was *good*. She had one of the finest specimens of a self-operated, self-repairing and self-oiled conscience that I have ever seen in the mechanical world of today. Mary Ellen told no lies, not even to save herself,

much less one of her friends or fellow-sufferers; and she always knew the right thing and did it. She set up a beautiful reputation for goodness and then she felt she had to live up to it. More than that, she was dependable; she always did what was expected of her. *She was good!*

Why couldn't I be good? Why? Because I didn't want to, because there was no game to being good all the time, no gamble about the consequences, no thrill when your luck was playing high, no excitement to make life worth while. For what would life be without excitement?

And yet there are a great many people in the world who never, never relax their goodness, who travel always and in spite of all temptations in the way of the right. And I often wonder, "Do they never get tired? Do they never long to break away from that strict path of goodness and just for once do something different, something that isn't good, something that is not expected of them and that will make people gasp? I wonder—."

Goodness is without doubt one of the finest of all fine virtues—but oh, the monotony, the sameness of it!

Square our shoulders to the world!

It's easy to give in—

Lift our chins a little higher!

We were made to win.

Grit our teeth, but smile, don't frown,

We all must bear our bit;

It's not the load that burdens us down,

It's the way we carry it!

—Alice McInerney

A DOG'S LIFE

By LORETTA MULLIN

Certainly it seems to me that the doubtful retriever which has insisted upon settling itself on my feet is a little too big to make a desirable fellow-passenger in the trolley.

I think he belongs to the stout lady seated in the opposite corner with her head resting against the "Mellin's Food" advertisement.

He has evidently been swimming, for he is appallingly wet, though not so wet perhaps as he was half a minute ago before he shook himself, like a revolving garden-hose, over my entire outfit.

On the whole, I am inclined to feel sympathetic toward the conductor, as he enters for the fares.

"You can't keep that dog there, Miss," he declares severely to me. I observe that I am relieved to hear it, adding that I am not the dog's owner.

"What's the matter with the dog?" suddenly demands the lady opposite. She is a large, determined-looking woman, wearing a bonnet decorated with ears of some shiny black corn unknown to botany. "The dog isn't doing you any harm, is he?"

"You can read, can't you?" retorts the conductor sourly, and directs her attention to a printed notice which states in effect that only small dogs may be carried. "You'll have to get out."

"I shall get out at the next stop," states the lady positively, "not before."

The conductor, who has moved toward the door, turns and hesitates, regarding her with exasperation. Simultaneously a third voice opens discussion.

"You get on with your job, old man, and don't worry your head about dogs, large or small."

The passengers turn and regard with interest a short man in a derby hat.

"The dog has a right to live, hasn't he? So have we all. Live and let live. You get on with your job."

The conductor, ignoring him, punches a ticket vigorously, and hands it to the dog's owner.

"Now you've gone as far as this," he says, "you'll have to go on, I suppose."

"Granted that the dog is a big dog," continues the counsel for the defense, plainly disappointed at his lack of opposition, "that isn't his fault, is it? The dog is the friend of man," giving up the conductor as a "bad job," and addressing the passengers generally. "Man has the right to travel in cars, so has the dog."

Nobody seems inclined to make any comment, and a long silence follows. It would seem that the episode is at an end. Suddenly the counsel for the defense rises and makes his way down the car to the dog's owner.

"Let me hold the dog, madam," he advises, beaming at her.

"The dog is all right where he is," replies the lady acidly.

Ignoring her further protest, he drags the wet animal from my feet and stumbles back with him towards his seat. Suddenly there is a loud snarling uproar. He drops the dog from his arms, and clapping an agonized hand to his wrist, he performs a sort of tortured Indian dance in the middle of the car.

Simultaneously the car has stopped, and the dog's owner, carrying the guilty culprit in her arms, pushes her way towards the door.

"Here, here!" cries the man in the "derby" urgently. Do you realize that your infernal dog bit me?"

"Serves you right" answers the woman venomously. "Why didn't you leave him alone?"

The lady does not turn, and in another moment her bonnet with its nodding black corn, melts away into the crowd. For a while the disappointed Sir Walter stands at the doorway, then nursing his wrist comes muttering back to his seat.

"Serves me right, does it?" he mutters. "That dog's a menace to the public." He looks around him for support but no one makes any remark.

"A menace to the public," he repeats, gazing accusingly at the conductor. "A dog like that shouldn't be allowed in any car."

The conductor with a perfectly expressionless face rings the bell and the car moves on.

IN DEFENSE OF DAY-DREAMING

"As a man thinketh, so he is." Who has not seen the day, bright or gloomy when the daily monotony of routine has been interrupted by a vision, or a dream?

Each one of us lives in two worlds; the one where we live, play, eat, and love; the other, where we live with our ambitions, our secrets, and our hopes. Very seldom does anyone enter this world except in thought. It is often impossible to create day-dreams without thought of those in whom we are especially interested.

This so-called "day-dreaming" should not be discouraged. Don't you suppose that through many an uninteresting school day Edison dreamed of great inventions which one day would make his mark in the world? Was not Joyce Kilmer as a dreamy eyed lad, gleaning thoughts for poems in doing his bit to make the world a better place?

If we don't build castles in the air, we shall never have them elsewhere.

These dreams are limitless in subjects. Perhaps it is your ambition — you see yourself at the top of the ladder of success with a world singing your praises. Is such not enough to urge on the already eager heart? Perhaps it is your home — the fireplace — the candlelight — the bowl of bright flowers on the mantle — your favorite book on the table, by the chair designed for you.

Or yet, it may be only a smile, a memory, a hand-clasp, or a word by which you are transported from the world of worry and disappointment, to the world of dreams where, "the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents as the Arabs and as silently steal away."

HUMAN PARASITES

Do you know any human parasites? I can hear your disgusted answer, "No!" I'm sorry to find it necessary to dispute you. You do. I am going still farther to say that nine chances out of ten you are or have at some time been a human parasite. Fitchburg Normal has many of this species, but it has no more than other educational institutions. Since I have suggested schools, you probably have been led to think that human parasites breed only in centers of education. This fact, however, is not true. We find human parasites everywhere and in every type of life. I merely suggested schools as a means of bringing the subject within your own experience.

Have you ever heard, "What do we have for Mr. ____?" You have? And at the same time didn't you feel perfectly sure that that person was present at the class and should have heard the announcement?

Have you ever thought, "I won't bother to take those notes now. I'll copy my roommate's?"

Has anyone ever said to you, "Have you your lesson for ____

done. Where did you get your material? May I read it?"

Have you ever thought, "I won't do that lesson tonight. Mr. ____ always asks for volunteers. Some one else will volunteer. I'll let him do it."

Perhaps you are beginning to think I'm that sort of a person who never wants to impart information for fear of benefiting some one. I am decidedly not that type. I think we should share our materials, ideas, and inspirations. Our thoughts may greatly benefit others. After all what kind of teachers will we make if we refuse to share our knowledge? To some extent, in accepting knowledge from one another, I think we are justified in being parasites.

Then come the type of questions and requests for information which I have already mentioned. They are sometimes foolish, sometimes show lack of thought and judgment and often portray laziness. I am sure many of them would be avoided if we stopped to think. Is there any one who can't get the assignment if it is properly given in class? Why should we copy notes which some one has worked hard to take while we were idling?

It's easy to be a human parasite, isn't it? Are you one? I am.

What is love?

Love is that particular kind of insanity which makes a man call a 250 pound female his little turtle dove?

THEIR OWN BUSINESS

By V. J. HAYES

"Now let's have a secret society pledging its members to mind their own business." — *Literary Digest*

"Who's that?" "Where are you going?" "Why did you do it?" "Where did you get that?" These are samples of the many questions with which an individual is beset by his intimate and more often not so intimate acquaintances. If he be polite, he may answer these cross-examinations despite his natural inclination to ask the solicitous person to mind his own business.

How many embarrassing situations would be easier to bear if it were not for the well-meaning and sometimes selfish interest which these righteous people take in the affairs of others? Put yourself in the victim's place. Should you care to have your private business the topic of the conversation of the multitude? Do you enjoy being probed with these pointed arrows of curiosity?

Well do I remember when certain unusual happenings directed the attention of my friends, and otherwise to my misfortunes. I cannot enumerate the number of times that I have, summoning all my self-control, tried to answer good-naturedly the volleys of "whys," "hows," and "whens," which were hurled at me.

What a blessing it would prove to humanity were we to form a society eliminating the misdirected "whys" and "hows" from our vocabulary.

We might choose as our one law the golden rule. It seems that this rule, if strictly adhered to, might carry out the purpose of this movement very thoroughly.

Although this suggestion is apparently ridiculous, it would not seem so impossible if each individual were in this respect a law unto himself. Let him try for a day or so to mind his own business and in doing his part, let him hope that his neighbor may be influenced by his example to imitation.

A PSALM OF TEACHING

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Teaching is an irksome work,
For the teacher's dead who grumbles,

Waiting but a chance to shirk.

Teaching's real! Teaching's earnest!

One short lesson not it's goal;

For reward to thee returneth

In the shaping of a soul.

In the schoolroom's field of labor,

In its daily din or strife,

Thou dost not teach brainless cattle;

Thou dost mold a nation's life.

Lives of teachers all remind us

We can live such lives as they,

Either leave a glorious record,

Or a name but for a day.

— "A Will-be-Teacher." L. F. M.

OUR JAZZ IS IMPROVING

By LORETTA MULLIN

Jazz music seems to be improving. At a jazz band performance the other evening it was so quiet that the audience could almost have heard a revolver fired. By speaking through megaphones, the young men could be heard quite distinctly by their partners. Ear trumpets seemed to be very much in vogue.

The opening number was the

famous "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which will doubtless take its place some day among the beautiful classics of the age.

The singer of "I Love You" possessed such a hardened countenance that he appeared incapable of loving even his own mother.

The more the player of the "whining" clarinet wandered from the true melody, the more were his efforts appreciated by the audience. The violinists sawed and rasped industriously, while the pianist labored under the impression that loud playing covered all errors.

The drummer was supplied with enough bells and rattles to furnish the Boston Baby Show sufficient amusement for a week.

A contortionist of note was the saxophone player, who swayed to and fro while performing his antics.

Is America really jazz-crazy, or is this only a passing fad?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

In the halls of Fitchburg Normal,
Gentlemen sit and ladies stand,
Thus reversing ancient custom
Practiced elsewhere in the land.

Lolling gracefully in armchairs
Are the gentlemen students found,
While their Amazonian co-eds,
Strong and stalwart, gather round.

'Tis a pleasant sight to view them,
Early mornings, late of nights,
'Tis a lesson edifying
In the reign of "Woman's Rights."

CONSCIENCE

I went to the movies and paid my dime,
Which was in itself an awful crime.
I had no right to be in that place,
And it made me want to hide my face;
For all I could think of was what I had
done,
And I didn't enjoy a bit of the fun.
Though the picture was good, and I thrill-
ed to the core,
I thought, "Dear Normal," may ne'er see
me more.
I shrank in my seat, and kept watchful
eye,
Lest one of my teachers I should chance
to spy.
I started and shivered at every move,
And thought in the future 't would me
behoove,
To try and follow Normal's rule,
And never more to skip from school.

— Dorothy Glazier

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN

Jim Kielty dancing.
A better faculty than ours.
John King calling at Palmer Hall.
Cap Yarter when he was serious.
Hilbert twice with the same girl.
Tom Carr when he wasn't with
her.

Fitzpatrick when he wasn't with a
girl.

Stanley when he wasn't with
Kitty.

Mr. Livermore when he wasn't
working.

A better looking crowd of girls
than ours.

A Normalite that could satisfy
everyone.

McNally when he wasn't thinking
of Munson.

Helen O'Horo, Miss Williams, or
Mrs. Still when they weren't smiling.

School Activities

THE VALENTINE PARTY

By ALICE CASHMAN

Dropping the cloak of insignificance that was reputed for so long to enshroud it, the Junior Class, newly rich in the possession of the colors that are representative of its spirit, made its formal debut before the critical eyes of the social world. Henceforth, blue and gold are the words which inspire it to loud and lusty expression of its glories, for blue and gold are the colors triumphantly displayed by its banner.

On the evening of Feb. 8, the Juniors, in honor of St. Valentine's Day, gave their first party. The air was charged with excitement, for many and varied were the hazardous ideas concerning the colors of '25.

The school met in the assembly hall where a delightful program was opened with the pleasing singing of Miss Mary Carmody, followed by two solos rendered by Raymond Pelletier, class treasurer. Miss Iona Lizotte and Miss Dorothy Hopkins, in charming costumes, next entertained with a lively and colorful dialogue, notable for its originality

and its appropriateness to the occasion. Stuart Scott, vice-president of the class, then introduced the all-important event of the evening, the display of the colors of '25, heralded by the bursting of a balloon. The curtain arose to reveal, before an audience awed and tense, the banner of blue and gold, beneath which stood the four class officers: Miss Helen Devaney, president, garbed in the colors; Mr. Scott, vice-president; Miss Mary Tarrant, secretary; and Mr. Pelletier, treasurer. The Juniors, with one accord, rose to their feet and their voices blended together in the rollicking strains of the class song. The tension relaxed at its close, and the Juniors cheered loudly and long the blue and gold that must always mean so much to them.

The assemblage then repaired to the library, where a reception was tendered by the members of the faculty and the class officers. Terpsichore then reigned upon the floor, her presiding hand beckoning all to the dance. During the intermission refreshments were served, after which

dancing was resumed with a grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson. At its dispersion, favors were distributed.

The verdict of a generally enjoyable evening was unanimous and the Junior Class was elevated to a newer dignity and set upon a pedestal so lofty as to render the blue and gold visible even to those whose sphere is beyond the pale of the Fitchburg Normal School.

F. N. S. DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

By BARBARA McGEE

The Fitchburg Normal School Dramatic Association has been organized, and is at present functioning in a highly satisfactory manner. Its membership is composed of about forty students who are earnestly interested in furthering worthwhile dramatic activities in the school.

The activities have thus far been limited to the meetings of the association. It is intended to develop an intelligent interest among the members, and at some later date, show the results of the meetings at a public performance.

The association has been divided into many different groups, each group being responsible for a meeting. They are all working for one idea, however, as the meetings all develop an understanding of one-act plays. Various types of plays have been and are to be presented. Every member of the group, will have at least one opportunity to show what he can do in the way of acting.

Because the drama plays such an important part in our lives today, and because it is recognized to be one of the oldest and greatest of the arts, it is a factor which should not be overlooked in the school curriculum.

Interested students may join this group upon presentation by a member.

The officers for 1924 are: President, Austin O'Toole; Vice-President, James O'Sullivan; Secretary, Dorothy Glazier; Treasurer, Philip Cashman.

A SECRET

I've just read of a wonderful secret

That I tho't I'd pass on to you
For 'tis said, if you know it, you'll
never fret

And never, never feel blue.

What a wonderful place this world
would be

If all this secret would use!

Friends on every side we'd see.

Does it sound too good to be true?

We'd put our petty jealousies aside;
To make others happy would be our
rule,

Thereby making one mighty stride
Toward a happy, ideal school.

How oft have we felt our hearts grow
heavy

With loneliness when far away
From those who are always ready
To comfort or cheer with laughter
gay?

We may have felt that the world was
amiss

But no one need now feel blue
If all will remember the secret — 'Tis
this —

Everybody's lonesome too.

— Beatrice T. Martin



A strong body is one of man's greatest assets

THE WHY OF ATHLETICS

Why have athletics? They take so much time and effort. What's the use? I will be brief and let this little word speak for itself.

A. Athletics afford us amusement — a profitable way in which to spend that leisure time we hear so much about but which, I think, the majority of us feel to be a minus quantity. However, we do devote more or less time to amusement and this one gives us action, develops alertness and stimulates ambition at the same time. There are other things often developed by the pursuit of athletics which I hesitate to mention lest I alarm some fair maid who jealously guards a sylph-like appearance. However, for the average individual, a good appetite and a little increase in avoirdupois would hardly be noticed.

T. Those of us who enter into the various competitive games perhaps will not appreciate, at least in our rivals, that quality which makes them "stick;" but it is up to us to

develop that same quality to the point where our opponents will be "stuck." And all through life we will find tenacity of purpose one of the rungs to the ladder of success.

H. We will all agree, I am sure, that health is the most priceless possession of man. Although I do not offer athletics as a panacea for all ills—the pursuit of athletics in moderation will be an inestimable aid to health and also to its side partner—happiness. Health and happiness go hand in hand, for the physical affects the mental and vice versa.

Who does not envy the sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks of the girl radiant with health, bubbling over with spirits and ready for anything and everything? Watch her! Not from a cosmetic box, but from suitable, vigorous exercise does she gain that enviable appearance.

L. Loyalty to country, to ideals, to one's self and one's friends is a primary requisite for good citizens, true friends and strong characters. We find the foundation for these

greater loyalties in team loyalty—an essential in all games and sports.

E. The hue and cry of today is exercise. Instead of taking Camp's Daily Dozen or Mueller's System—good enough in themselves but designed to develop only certain parts of the body—instead of taking these in the seclusion of your room, why not get out with the crowd, develop the efficiency of your whole body and have jolly fun at the same time? But it is education you desire, you say? Education has been defined by some one as—"developing the body as a whole." Do you not develop the body as a whole in athletics? If not, you are not really getting into the game.

T. One of the important lessons of life is that of playing the game for the benefit of the whole, forgetting personal aims and ambitions, boosting the other fellow—in a common phrase, team work. And no one can be successful in any form of athletics without that sense of team play.

I. Higher ideals is perhaps a phrase that has been run to the ground and which some of us would bury with the keenest of pleasure. However, we cannot deny the need of higher ideals and there's an intangible something about getting into the game with the best that's in us, enjoying the fellowship of others in that free and wholesome way that gives us inspiration, spurs us on to better living, and makes us glad just to be alive.

C. Have you ever seen a team,

composed entirely of good players beaten by another team perhaps inferior individually? Or has it ever been your misfortune to know an organization with excellent officers, the best of aims and abundant material which just didn't "go"? What was lacking? The thing that is lacking in so many schools, organizations and in the various factions of our country, the essential to proper functioning of any group, large or small, the secret of success—co-operation. If through your games and sports, you do not get a vision of the possibilities of co-operation and the ability to co-operate, life will be for you a road of unhappiness and trial, uneased by the helpful comradeship of friends and the joy of service.

S. And finally let me give you another rather hard ridden term but one weighty with meaning—an all inclusive term, a summing up of all we hope to gain—perfect sportsmanship. A perfect sport is one of the highest ideals towards which we can aim and through athletics we find boundless opportunity to develop that quality which will make us 100 per cent American.

ATHLETICS

By H. F. WERNER
FOOTBALL

In the fall of 1923 football was ushered forth in behalf of the Fitchburg Normal School after a six year's leave-of-absence.

The success of this season was

due to Mr. Clancy, our coach, for the spirit displayed on his part was at all times a spirit of self-sacrifice and co-operation. He gave up much of his highly valued time, and it was through his untiring efforts that Normal was once more represented on the gridiron.

Although our start was by all means a late one, our main reason was organization for 1924, for which a fine schedule is under way, including such teams as St. Anselms, Worcester Academy, Cushing Academy, St. John's Prep, Holy Cross Freshmen and Worcester Trade.

When the first call for gridiron warriors was issued, about thirty-five appeared on the field from all parts of the state, including, Marlboro, Worcester, Leominster, Holyoke, Adams, North Adams, Chicopee, Clinton, and Fitchburg. John McNally, formerly a Fitchburg High star was elected Captain and Stanley Kruzyna was elected Manager.

LINE UP

Crowley — Weston	F. B.
Carr	L. H. B.
Fitzpatrick	R. H. B.
McNally — Captain	Q. B.
Weston — Kennedy	L. E.
Werner	L. T.
Kruzyna	L. G.
O'Toole — Bazzinotti	C.
Hilbert	R. G.
Dolan	R. T.
Roche	R. E.
Subs. — O'Horo, Killilea, Cashman, Bazzinotti.	

BASEBALL

The prospects for the Normal Team appear very bright since there are seven regular men from last

year's team and a number of promising candidates.

Joe Sullivan, the captain-elect, is sure to lead his followers to many victories.

For pitchers there are Johnny McNally and Chonko King. These two twirlers were the mainstays of the pitching staff of last year's team. In all probability they will alternate in the outfield, as both are good hitters. It is also rumored that Jack Fitzpatrick will be on the other end of the line.

The candidates for the infield are Joe Sullivan, Rocky Roche, Beansie O'Toole, Phil Cashman, Charlie Doherty, Ray Pelletier and Ted Bazzinotti, while the positions of the outfield will be sought by Jerry Gingras, Jim Kielty, Tommy Carr and Tim Sheehan.

The candidates will be called out the first of March. Practice will be held in the Gym until weather becomes favorable. (Mgr. Hayes has worked hard to complete this schedule.)

SCHEDULE

April 19	Andover at Andover
April 23	Worcester Academy at Worcester
April 26	Open
May 6	Dean at Franklin
May 10	Lowell Tech. at Lowell
May 17	Holy Cross at Fitchburg
May 20	Northeastern at Boston
May 24	St. Anselm's at Fitchburg
May 30	Open
May 31	Open
June 4	St. Anselm's at Manchester
June 7	Cushing at Ashburnham
June 11	Assumption College at Worcester.



That inexhaustible good nature, which is in itself the most precious gift of heaven — *Irving*

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh — Don't be too wise!

KAMPUS KERNALS KRACKED IN MILLER HALL SAD SIGHTS

K. Hafey stifling a laugh.
Mary Marsh cleaning house.
Why?
"Kitty" Wilcox trying to make us
think she is studying.
Sadie Gold trying to get her
beauty sleep in Suite J.
"Mil" Allen burning midnight oil
for her cherubs in Day Street.
Mary Forster looking for the holes
she punched the night before.
Catherine Carty spending one-half
hour looking for a match to light the
gas to heat an iron to press a hand-
kerchief.
Jane Collins is rumored to have
writer's cramps from executing notes

for inspection. Don't let it be on
your head. Sweep often!

IN PALMER HALL

May Blass is a stunning auburn-
haired lassie — at times. Not dyed,
either.

There will be a great slump in the
saltine market this coming spring
according to latest reports.

Gert McConville wants to know
who ate the three soft boiled eggs
that had been in the bottom drawer
of her desk since October 8th, 1923.

Loretta Mullin has the record for
animal training. She has four mice
who begin a fox trot the minute she
tries to sing "Somebody's Wrong."

Why do pigeons fly towards the
window in room 34? For further
information regarding this subject,
see "crumbs" "breakfast," Stafford

Bertha Spack wants to hire a
strong helper to assist her in moving
her couch to and from the corridor
in the wee, small hours when the
Roof Orchestra tunes up.

Grace Daley has a copyright on a very distinguished name-plate. She is receiving orders for "shingles," but the gum must be furnished by the person making the order.

Any one acquainted with Palmer Hall in September would get the surprise of her life, if she were to "drift" in during study hour. There will be many pleasant results as far as marks are concerned if proper use is made of this time to study.

—M. M.

DID YOU EVER SEE
(Senior One)

Bee without a blush ?
Eva C. without a line ?
Vera without a marcel ?
"Dizzy" without a grin ?
Jimmy without an alibi ?
Bob when he wasn't singing ?
Olive without the "other two" ?
Peg without her vanity case ?
Ruth L. with lessons unprepared ?
Hazel when she wasn't laughing ?
Anna Rose not ready for an argument ?
Marian with no knowledge of history ?

HEARD IN THE TRAINING SCHOOLS

Kennedy — Was that a new girl I saw you with last Tuesday ?

The Sheik (Hilbert) — No, the same one painted over.

* * * *

Grocer — Do you want any horse radish ?

Kilpatrick — No, we own a car.

Miss Ward — Why don't you comb your hair ? It's terribly mussed.

Lewis — No comb.

Miss Ward — Why don't you use your father's ?

Lewis — Father hasn't any hair.

* * * *

Johnny — I'm not coming to school next Friday. I'm going to my uncle's funeral.

Miss Marlborough — When did your uncle die ?

Johnny — He ain't dead yet. He's going to be hung next Thursday.

* * * *

Al Bragg — I am a self-made man.

Bazzinotti — What are you doing, boasting or apologizing ?

* * * *

It's a bad thing to sleep on trains. The train runs over sleepers. Commuters beware!

* * * *

Hayes — What did you do last summer ?

Cashman — I sold books.

Hayes — Get many orders ?

Cashman — Got two the first day — Get out! and Stay out!

* * * *

Davenport — When I went to school, they used to call me "Corns". I was always at the foot.

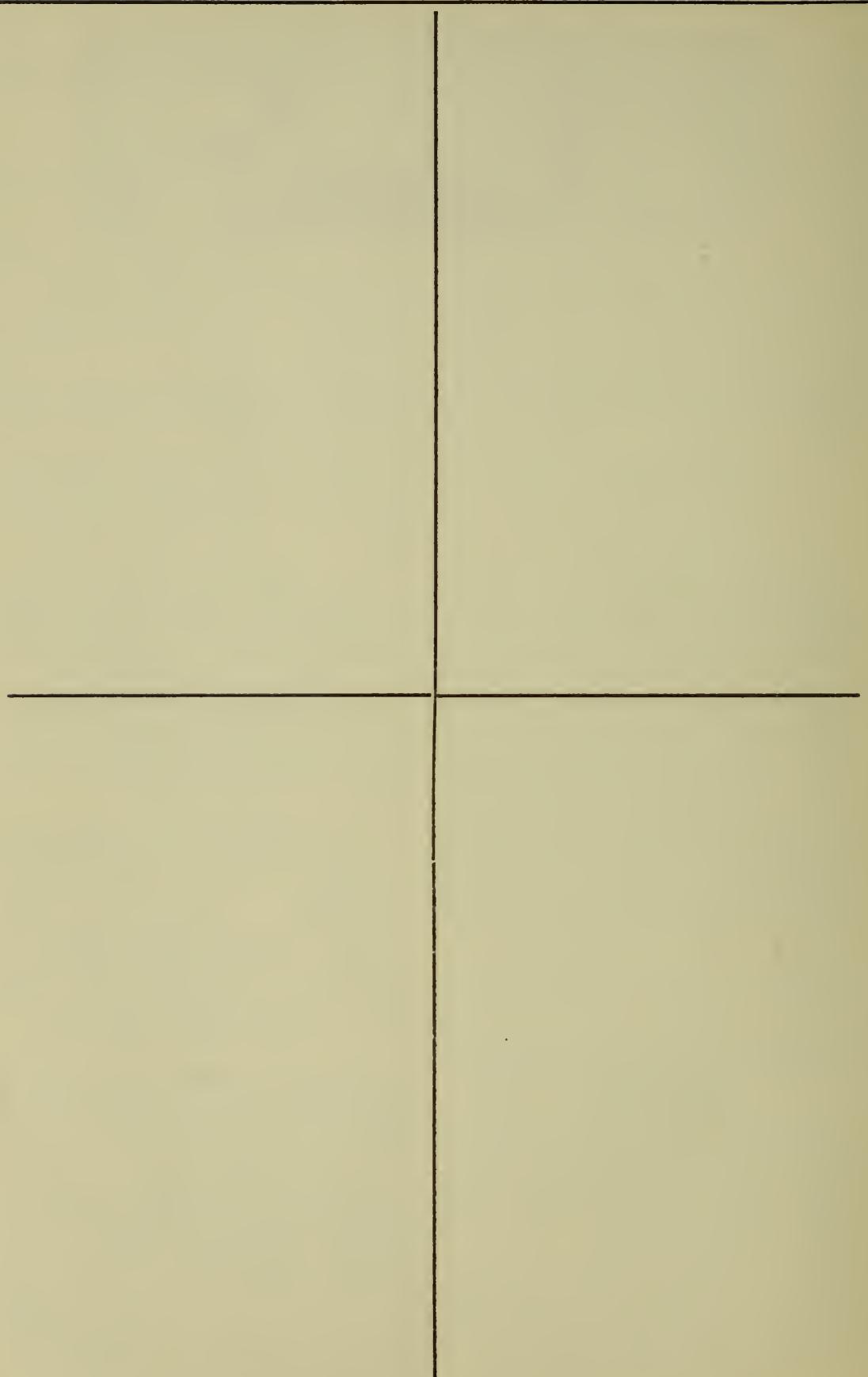
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McLean — I shouldn't care to work for Nichols & Frost.

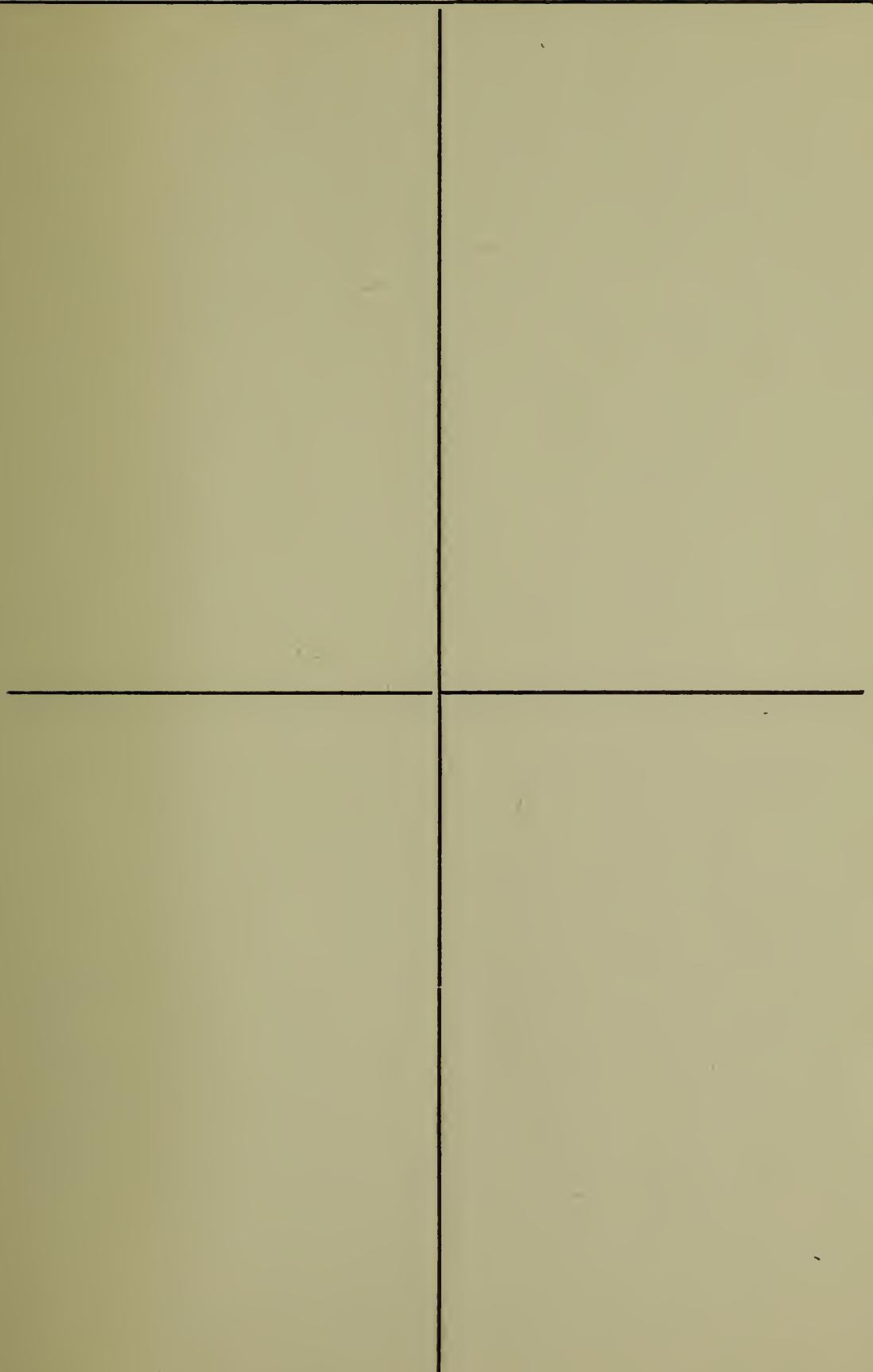
Phil — Why not ?

McLean — Saw a sign in their window which said, "Burns works all this week for two dollars."

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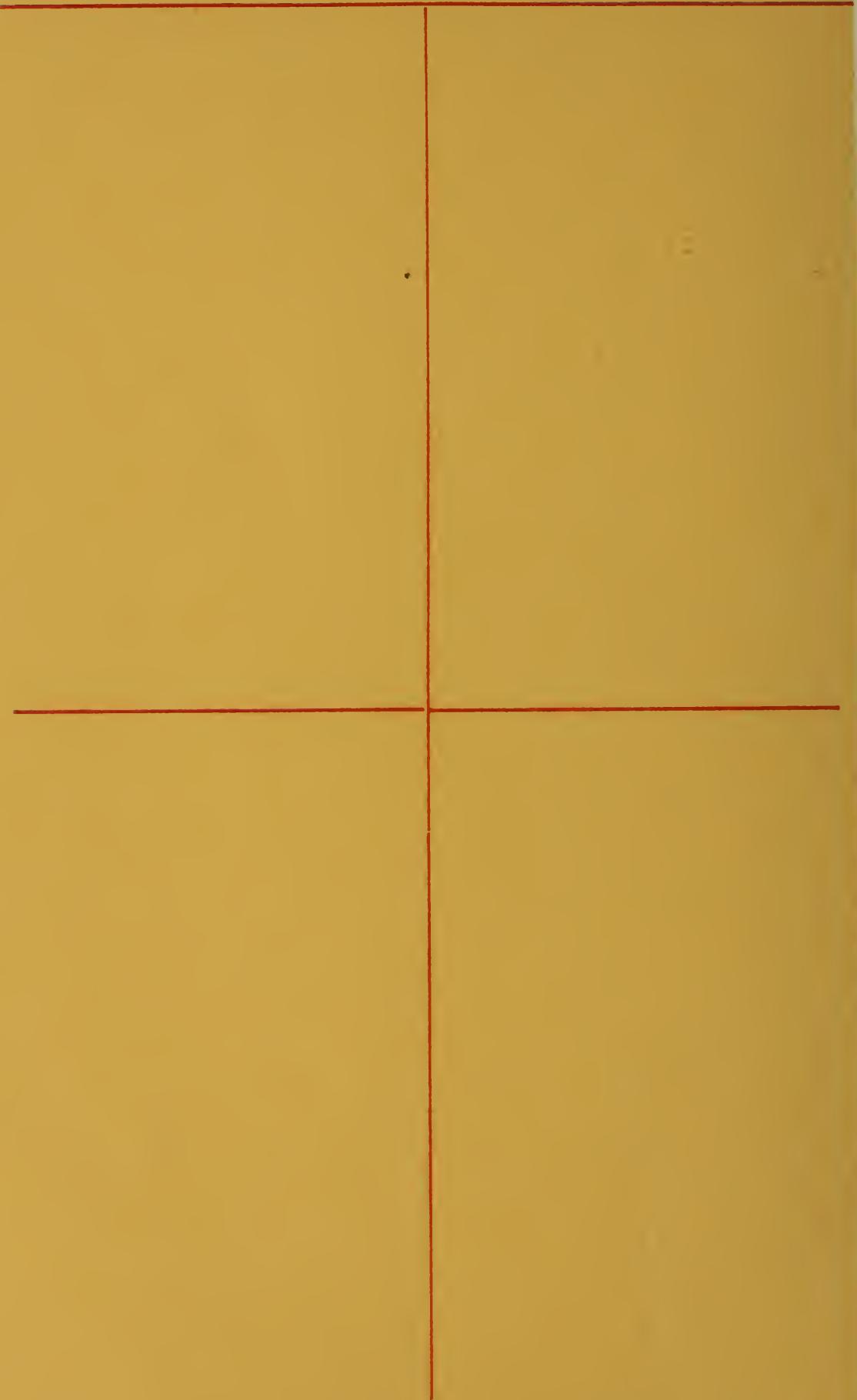
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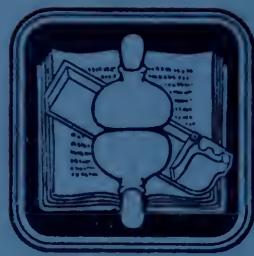


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